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PETER'S PROPHECY;

OR,

W.m. Young

THE PRESIDENT AND POET;

[Price THREE SHILLINGS.]

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

BRITISH MUSEUM
27 OCT 53

PETER'S PROPHECY.

OR,

THE PRESIDENT AND POET.

OR,

AN IMPORTANT EPISTLE TO SIR J. BANKS,

ON THE

APPROACHING ELECTION

OF A

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

With an ETCHING by an EMINENT ARTIST.

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQUIRE.

SECOND EDITION.

Tros, Rutilusve fuat, nullo discrimine habebo.

VIRGIL.

Rank is a Farce—if People Fools will be,
A Scavenger and King's the same to *me*.

La Societé Royale de Londres fut formée en 1660, six Ans avant notre Académie des Sciences. Elle n'a point de Recompences comme la notre; mais aussi elle est libre. Point de ces Distinctions désagreables, inventées par l' ABBE BIGNON, qui distribua l' Académie des Sciences en *savans* qu'on payait, et en honoraires qui n'etoient pas *savans*. La Societé de Londres independante, et n'etant encouragée que par elle meme, a eté composée de Sujets qui ont trouvé le Calcul de l'Infini, les Lois de la Lumière, celles de Pesanteur, l'Aberration des Etoiles, le Telescope de Reflexion, la Pompe a feu, le Microscope solaire, et beaucoup d' autres Inventions aussi utiles qu'admirables. Qu' auroient fait de plus ces GRANDS HOMMES s'ils avoient eté Pensionnaires ou Honoraires?

VOLTAIRE, sur la Societé Royale.

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M.DCC.LXXXVIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM
27 OCT 53

The PROPRIETORS of the Works of

PETER PINDAR, Eſquire,

Find themſelves obliged, on account of the frequent Piracies of his Productions, to offer

TWENTY GUINEAS Reward,

On the Conviction of any Offender;

The Money to be immediately paid by the Publiſher, Mr. KEARSLEY, in Fleet Street; or Mr. COOPER, Printer, Bow Street, Covent Garden; and the Name or Names of the communicating Party concealed.

THE ARGUMENT.

A SUBLIME and poetical Exordium, in which the Bard applaudeth himſelf, condemneth his Sovereign, and condeſcendeth to inſtruct Sir Joſeph Banks, *F. R. S.* — *Anecdote of* Julius Cæſar *and a Conjuror* — Peter *dwelleth with much ſolemnity on the gloomy Month of November, and compareth Sir* Joſeph Banks *to* Jupiter *and Mr.* Squib—*Aſketh ſhrewd queſtions*—*Sir* Joſeph *comprehendeth their ſage Meaning, and flieth into a Paſſion, and boaſteth how he revengeth himſelf on the Fun the World enjoyeth at his Expence*—*Sir* Joſeph *animadverteth wiſely on a Fall from the Preſidency to the State of a* ſimple *Fellow, obliquely and nobly hinting at a few* Traits *of his own Character*—Peter *replieth with good Advice, exhibiting at the ſame Time acute Knowledge of the ſexual Syſtem in botanical Affairs* — *Sir* Joſeph *refuſeth* Peter's *Counſel* — Peter *mentioneth Men of Science, whom Sir* Joſeph *ſcorneth*—*Sir* Joſeph *letteth the Cat out of the Bag, and ſheweth Principles inimical to the Cauſe of true Philoſophy, by wiſhing to make* great *Men Fellows, inſtead of* wiſe *men*—Peter *moraliſeth with profundity, and flappeth the Bugs of Fortune for daring, on Account of their Mammon, to place themſelves on a Level with Genius*—*Sir* Joſeph *maketh more Diſcovery of his Diſpoſition, by abuſing Painting, Poetry, and Muſic, and wiſheth to tread in the Steps of his Sovereign*—Peter *illuſtrateth the Preſident's Mode of catching at an Argument, by a beautiful Spider* Simile—*Sir* Joſeph *boaſteth of his Tea and Toaſt Weapons*—Peter *animadverteth with his uſual Wiſdom on the miraculous Powers of Meat, when applied to a hungry Stomach*—*Sir* Joſeph *findeth out a new Road to the Heart*—*Boaſteth of royal Favour*—Peter *ſmileth at it, and frighteneth Sir* Joſeph—*Sir* Joſeph *enquireth the World's Opinion of himſelf*—

Peter

Peter *giveth it without Ceremony* — *Sir* Joſeph *curſeth* — Peter *prayeth him to be quiet, proceedeth, and telleth terrible Things*—*Sir* Joſeph *ſwear-eth*—*Praiſeth himſelf* — Peter *anſwereth* — *Sir* Joſeph *praiſeth himſelf again for his being able to lead great Folks by the Noſe, and braggeth of royal Whiſpers*—Peter *gueſſeth at the royal whiſpers, and expreſſeth Plea-ſure thereat* — *Again boaſteth the Preſident of what he can do* — Peter *ſo-lemnly ſmileth in a ſuperb* Simile *taken from wild Beaſts*—*Sir* Joſeph *vaunt-eth on his great Acquaintance with Vegetables and Monkies*—Peter *acquieſ-ceth in his Monkey Wiſdom, but denieth its Importance, and turneth Butterfly and Egg Knowledges over to idle old Maids* — Peter *acknowledgeth the Merits of Indian, Booby, and Noddy killing*; *Lizard, Bat, Scurvygraſs, and Lady-ſmock hunting, yet differeth with Sir* Joſeph *as to the Idea of its Importance* — *The Preſident again boaſteth* — Peter *ſolemnly replieth, and telleth ſtrange Matters of Sir* William Hamilton—*Sir* Joſeph *breaketh out violently, and with an Air of Defiance, on the Subject of Mr.* Herſchel —Peter *acquieſceth, in ſome Meaſure, on the Merits of Mr.* Herſchel, *and propheſieth more Diſcoveries by this Aſtronomer than ſtruck the Ima-gination of Sir* Joſeph—Peter *propheſieth of the future Grandeur of* Chel-tenham, *by means of Mills to ſupply the great* Flux *of People with Paper*—Peter *giveth more Glory to Mr.* Herſchel's Glaſs, *than to Mr.* Herſchel's Head—*Sir* Joſeph *groweth abuſive*—Peter *properly replieth*—*Sir* Joſeph *again triumpheth*—Peter *cutteth him down for his Laud on his Grace of* Marlborough's *Spy-glaſs Diſcoveries, and* John Hunter's *Sows and Partridges*—*Sir* Joſeph *plumeth himſelf on Dr.* Blagden—Peter *praiſeth Dr.* Blagden—*Sir* Joſeph *praiſeth Sir* Benjamin Thompſon, *Lord* Mul-grave, *and the unaſſuming Quaker Dr.* Lettſome; *moreover praiſeth the Doctor's Hobby Horſe*, Mangel Worſal, *alias* Wurtzel—*Sir* Joſeph *enqui-reth the Merits of Mr.* Aubert, *the Silkman*—Peter *ſmileth, and anſwereth wittily*—

wittily—*Sir* Joſeph *enquireth about Mr.* Daines Barrington—Peter *anſwereth in like Manner*—*Sir* Joſeph's *Ire boileth over*—Peter *laugheth*—*Peter cometh to the Point, and telleth the Preſident in plain Terms that he muſt depend on the* many, *more than* one, *meaning our moſt gracious King*—*Sir* Joſeph *exclaimeth with his uſual Vulgarity, and taxeth the revolting Members with Ingratitude, and flieth to Meat and Drink for his future Supporters*—Peter *praiſeth Meat and Drink, yet inſiſteth on the Truth of an intended Rebellion*—*Sir* Joſeph, *in a Strain of Deſpondency, looketh to the Lord for Support*—Peter *giveth him no Hopes from that Quarter*—*Sir* Joſeph, *in a Tyger-like Manner, breaketh out into Rage and Boaſting*—Peter *acknowledgeth his Merits, but informeth the Preſident of their Inſufficiency*—*Sir* Joſeph *voweth to play the Devil*—Peter *exalteth Sir* Joſeph's *intended Manœuvre by a Compariſon of a Miracle frequently worked in Popiſh Countries on Rats and Graſhoppers*—Peter *ſtill harpeth on the old String of* ſomething more—*Sir* Joſeph *adduceth more Inſtances of Merit, ſuch as eating Matters that would make a* Hottentot *vomit*—Peter *acknowledgeth Sir* Joſeph's *uncommon Stomach-Powers and Triumphs over Reptiles*; *but with Obſtinacy inſiſteth upon it that ſomething more muſt be atchieved*—*The Preſident upon this, moſt wickedly, yet moſt heroically, declareth, that he will then ſwallow an Alligator*—Peter *diſſuadeth Sir* Joſeph, *like a Friend, from his bold Intention, and recommendeth a Meal of a milder Quality.*

PETER'S

PETER'S PROPHECY;

OR,

THE PRESIDENT AND POET.

THE BARD who fill'd with Friendſhip's pureſt fire,
Tun'd to a mighty King the moral lyre;
With all the magic of the Muſe's art,
Smil'd at his foibles and enlarg'd * his heart——.

---

* Verily the LYRIC BARD hath cauſe of triumph—by means of a few *hints*, the cloſe fiſt of *Royal Economy* hath been a little unclenched. By God's grace, and the Poet's good health, *greater* things are likely to be accompliſhed, ſuch is the power of *ſong!*

Ungrateful Prince! like moſt of modern times,
Who never thank'd the Poet for his rhymes:
The BARD with wiſdom's voice ſublimely ſtrong,
Who ſcar'd the maids of honour with his ſong;
Turn'd courtiers pale, and turn'd to ſilent wonder
Ambaſſadors, at TRUTH's deep tone of thunder;
Who in *their* country, (ſuch a timid thing!)
Was never known to *whiſper* to a king:
The BARD who dar'd undaunted thus to tow'r,
And boldly oracles to princes pour,
Stoops from the zenith of his eagle flight
To give inſtruction to a *ſimple* Knight.

To CÆSAR, who th' advice with ſcorn repaid,
"Beware the *Ides of March*," a Conj'ror ſaid.
More rev'renc'd let a *greater* Conj'ror ſay,
"Beware, Sir JOSEPH BANKS, *St. Andrew's Day.*"
Near is the gloomy month, and gloomy hour,
When of your plumage ſtripp'd, and fav'rite pow'r,

You

You quit that mace and pompous chair of ſtate,
And ceaſe Lord Paramount of Moth debate,
That awe-inſpiring hammer'd fiſt to rear,
Like ſcepter'd JOVE, and SQUIB the AUCTIONEER!

SIR JOSEPH.

Well! what's *November*'s * gloomy month or hour?
The day which raviſhes, reſtores my pow'r.

PETER.

Perchance Ambition may be doom'd to mourn!
Perchance your honours may no more return!
Think what a hoſt of enemies you make!
What feeling mind would be a BULL at ſtake?
Pinch'd by this mongrel, by that maſtiff torn:
Who'd make a feaſt to treat the public ſcorn?

---

* On the thirtieth of November the Preſident is annually elected.

Who'd be a BEAR that graſps his club with pride
With which his *Dancing Maſter* drubs his hide?
None, dear Sir JOSEPH, but the arrant'ſt fool
Turns butt to catch the ſhafts of ridicule.

SIR JOSEPH.

Your meaning, friend, I eaſily divine!

PETER.

Yes, quit for life the chair——reſign, reſign.

SIR JOSEPH.

No! with contempt the grinning world I ſee,
And always laugh at *thoſe* who laugh at *me*.

PETER.

To ſteal a point then, may I never thrive
But you muſt be the *merrieſt* man alive.

SIR JOSEPH.

Good!——but, my friend, 'twould be a black November,
To loſe the chair, and ſneak a vulgar member;

Sit on a bench *mumchance* without my hat *,
Sunk from a Lion to a tame Tom Cat:
Juſt like a Schoolboy trembling o'er his book,
Afraid to move, or ſpeak, or think, or look,
When Mr. Preſident, with maſtiff air,
Vouchſafes to grumble "Silence" from the chair.

PETER.

All this is mortifying to be ſure,
And more than fleſh and blood can well endure!
Then to your turnip fields in peace retire:
Return like CINCINNATUS, country ſquire:
Go with your wiſdom, and amaze the Boors
With appletree, and ſhrub, and flow'r amours;
And tell them all, with wide-mouth'd wonder big,
How gnats † can make a cuckold of a fig.

---

* The Preſident always wears his hat.

† See the Natural Hiſtory of the Fig.

Form fly clubs, ſhell clubs, weed clubs, if you pleaſe,
And proudly reign the PRESIDENT of *theſe*:
Go, and with periwinkle wiſdom charm;
With loves of lobſters, oyſters, crabs, alarm;
And tell them how like *ours*, the females woo'd,
By kiſſing, people all the realms of mud:
Thus, tho' proud LONDON dares refuſe you fame,
The Towns of LINCOLNSHIRE ſhall raiſe your name,
Knock down the bear, and bull, and calf, and king,
And bid SIR JOSEPH on their ſignpoſts ſwing.

SIR JOSEPH.

No! ſince I've fairly mounted Fortune's maſt,
Till Fate ſhall chop my hands off, I'll hold faſt.

PETER.

And yet, Sir Joſeph, fame reports you ſtole
To Fortune's topmaſt through the *lubberhole**.

---

* A part of the ſhip well-known to ſeamen.

Think

Think of the men, whom Science ſo reveres!
HORSLEY, and WILSON, MASKELYNE, MASERES,
LANDEN, and HORNSBY, ATWOOD, GLENIE, HUTTON,——

SIR JOSEPH.

Blockheads! for whom I do not care a button!
Fools, who to *mathematics* would confine us,
And *bother* all our ears with *plus* and *minus*.

PETER.

No more they ſearch the philoſophic mine;
To bid the journals with their labours ſhine,
And yield a glorious ſplendor to the page,
Such as when NEWTON, HALLEY grac'd the age!
Retir'd, thoſe members now behold with ſighs
The dome, like Egypt, ſwarm with frogs and flies;
And *you*, the PHARAOH too without remorſe,
The ſtubborn parent of the reptile curſe;

See Wiſdom yield to Folly's rude control;
Jove's eagle murder'd by a mouſing owl *.

SIR JOSEPH.

Poh! poh! my friend, I've ſtargazers enough;
I now look round for diff'rent kind of ſtuff:
Beſides—*untitled* members are mere ſwine;
I wiſh for *princes* on my liſt to ſhine;
I'll have a company of ſtars and ſtrings;
I'll have a proud ſociety of *kings!*
I'll have no miſerable ſqueal tomtit,
Whilſt Fortune offers pheaſants to my ſpit!
For me, the Dev'l may take a nameleſs fry——
No ſprats, no ſprats, whilſt whales can feaſt my eye.

PETER.

Thus on a ſtall, amidſt a country fair,
Old Women ſhow of gingerbread their ware!

---

* Vide Shakeſpeare.

King DAVID and Queen BETHSHEBA behold,
Strut from their dough majeſtic, grac'd with gold!
King SOLOMON ſo great in all his glory,
The Queen of SHEBA too, renown'd in ſtory!
The Grannies theſe diſplay with doting eyes;
Delighted ſee them all the Louts ſurpriſe;
Whilſt no poor bak'd Plebeian, great or ſmall,
Dares ſhow his ſneaking noſe upon the ſtall!

Sir Joſeph, do not fancy, that by fate
Great wiſdom goes with titles and eſtate!
I grant that pride and inſolence appear
Where purblind FORTUNE thouſands gives a year.
Too many of Fortune's inſects have I ſeen,
Proud of ſome little name, with ſcornful mien,
High o'er the head of modeſt Genius riſe,
Pert, foppiſh, whiffling, flutt'ring butterflies!
Weak imps! on whom, their planets all ſo kind,
In pity to their poverty of mind,

Around them treaſure bountifully ſhed,
Convinc'd the fools would want a bit of bread.

SIR JOSEPH.

Since truth muſt out, then know, my biting friend,
Philoſophers my ſoul with horror rend;
Whene'er their mouths are open'd, I am mum——
Plague take 'em, ſhould a *Preſident* be dumb?
I loathe the arts—the univerſe may know it——
I hate a painter, and I hate a poet——
To theſe two ears, a bear MARCHESI growls,
MARA and BILLINGTON a brace of owls.
To circles of pure ignorance conduct me;
I hate the company that can *inſtruct* me;
I wiſh to imitate my King, ſo *nice*,
Great Prince, who ne'er was known to take advice!
Who keeps no company (delightful plan!)
That dares be wiſer than himſelf, good man!

PETER.

PETER.

In troth, Sir Joſeph, I have often ſeen ye
Look in debate a *little* like a ninny,
Struggling to graſp the ſenſe with mouth, hands, eyes,
And with the philoſophic Speaker riſe;
Juſt like a ſpider bruſh'd by SUSAN's broom,
That tries to claw its thread, and mount the room,
Poor ſprawling reptile, but with humbled air
Condemn'd to ſneak away behind a chair.

SIR JOSEPH.

Still to the point—a rout let *fellows* make;
My pow'r is too well fix'd for *ſuch* to ſhake;
My ſure artill'ry hath o'ercome a *hoſt*.

PETER.

I own the great, paſt pow'rs of tea and toaſt!

Ven'ſon's

Ven'ſon's a CÆSAR in the fierceſt fray:
Turtle an ALEXANDER in its way:
And then, in quarrels of a ſlighter nature,
Mutton's a moſt ſucceſsful Mediator!
So much ſuperior is the ſtomach's ſmart
To all the vaunted horrors of the heart;
E'en LOVE, who often triumphs in his grief,
Hath ceas'd to feed on ſighs to feed on beef.

SIR JOSEPH.

Yes, yes, my friend, my tea and butter'd rolls
Have found an eaſy paſs to people's ſouls:
My well-tim'd dinners (*certain folks* revere)
Have left this eaſy boſom nought to fear.
The turnpike road to people's hearts I find,
Lies through their guts, or I miſtake mankind;
Beſides, whilſt thus I boaſt my Sov'reign's ſmile,
Let raggamuffins rage, and rogues revile.

PETER.

PETER.

Alas! Sir Joſeph! grant the KING you pleaſe,
Which ev'ry Courtier's eye with envy ſees;
A glorious thing too, no man can deny it;
Though no man ever got a ſixpence by it;
Yet of our lucky iſland, *certain* KINGS,
Far from *all*-mighty, are not *mighty* things;
And though with many a wren you make him bleſt,
And many a tomtit's egg and tomtit's neſt;
And many a monkey ſtuff'd to make him grin,
And many a flea and beetle on a pin;
And promiſe (to cajole the royal mind)
To make his butcher member, and his hind;
It is not *he*, with Polyphemus ſtare,
And ſtern command, perpetuates the Chair!
I know that diſaffection taints the throng,
And know the world is laviſh in its tongue.

SIR JOSEPH.

Ah! tell me fairly without more delay,
What 'tis the blackguard world hath dar'd to ſay;
Perhaps a pretty devil I'm pourtray'd;
The world's free bruſh deals damnably in ſhade.

PETER.

Thus, then, " How dares that man his carcaſe ſquat,
" Bold in the ſacred chair where Newton ſat;
" Whoſe eye could NATURE's darkeſt veil pervade,
" And, ſun-like, view the ſolitary MAID;
" Purſue the Wand'rer through each ſecret maze,
" And on her labours dart a noontide blaze?
" When to the chair BANKS forc'd his bold aſcent,
" He crawl'd a *bug* upon the *monument*."

SIR JOSEPH.

Curſe them!——

PETER.

Have patience, dear Sir Joſeph, pray!
I have not mention'd half the people ſay:——

Thus

Thus then again, " He beats the bears, ſo rude,
" With bulldog aſpect, and with brains of mud:
" His words, like ſtones for pavements, make us ſtart;
" Rude, roughly rumbling, tumbling from the cart;
" Who for importance all his lungs employs,
" And thinks that words, like drums, were made for noiſe.
" A fellow ſo unqualified to ſhine!
" Who never to the Journals gave a line;
" But into SWEDEN caſt a fox-like look,
" And caught Gooſe DRYANDER to write his book *.
" Such is the *mania* for the claps of Fame,
" So ſought by many a Squire and gentle Dame,
" Reſembling Beggars that on alms grow fat;
" Who, if too weak *themſelves* to make a brat,
" *Buy* children up to melt the trav'ler's eye,
" And from his pocket call the charity.

---

* A moſt pompous Birth in the botanical way is to make its appearance ſoon; Sir Joſeph the reputed father, though Jonas Dryander, the Swede, his ſecretary, begets it.

" Though

" Through *him* each trifle-hunter that can bring
" A grub, a weed, a moth, a beetle's wing,
" Shall to a FELLOW's dignity ſucceed;
" Witneſs Lord CHATHAM and his *piſs-a-bed* !*
" How had he pow'rs to muſter up the face
" To aſk a PRESIDENT's important place?
" How with a matchleſs inſolence to dare
" Abuſe and joſtle PRINGLE† from the chair?

---

* *Vulgarly* called *Dandelion.* Something of this kind, (a moſt wonderful ſpecies!) was preſented by the eldeſt born of the great PITT, for which he was created F. R. S.

† About the year 1779, conductors were ordered to be placed near all our magazines to ſecure them from the effects of lightning. A queſtion then aroſe, *which* would beſt ſucceed, *blunt* or *pointed* conductors. Sir John Pringle, with the ſenſible part of the Society, were of opinion, as, indeed, was Dr. Franklin, that points were preferable—Sir Joſeph Banks and his party roared loudly for the blunts.—The diſpute ran ſo high, that His Majeſty took a part in it; and being rather *partial* to *blunt conductors*, thought to put an end to the matter by giving his own peremptory deciſion, and announcing to the world the ſuperiority of NOBS. To confirm his *great* and *wiſe* opinion, NOBS were actually fixed on iron rods at the end of Buckingham Houſe. This, however, was not

" A moth-hunter, a crab-catcher, a bat,
" That owes its ſole exiſtence to a gnat!
" A hunter of the meaneſt reptile breed,
" A f--l that croſſes oceans for a weed!

" Once tow'ring SCIENCE made Crane Court * her home,
" And heav'n-born WISDOM patroniz'd the dome;
" With awful aſpect at the portal ſhone,
" And to her manſion woo'd the wife alone;

---

not all; on the birth-day, His Majeſty deſired Sir John to give it to the world as the opinion of the Royal Society, that Dr. Franklin was *wrong*. The Preſident replied, like a man, that it was not in his power to reverſe the order of Nature. The Sovereign could not eaſily ſee that, and therefore repeated his commands.—Teized by the King from time to time to oppoſe the decided opinion of the rebellious Franklin, and the laws of Nature; and conſtantly barked at by Sir Joſeph and his moth-hunting phalanx; he reſigned the chair and returned to Scotland.—The honour was inſtantaneouſly ſnapped at and caught by the preſent poſſeſſor, ſuch as he is!

* The Royal Society's rooms are removed from Crane Court to Somerſet Place.

" Now at the door ſee moon-eyed FOLLY grin,
" Inviting birds-neſt hunters to come in:
" Idiots who ſpecks on eggs devoutly ken,
" And furbiſh up a folio on a wren."
You ſee the world, Sir Joſeph, ſcorns to flatter——

SIR JOSEPH.

By G-d! I think it hath not minc'd the matter.
Yet, by the Pow'R who made me, PETER, know,
I'm honour'd, ſtar'd at, whereſoe'er I go!
Soon as a room I enter, lo, all ranks
Get up to compliment Sir JOSEPH BANKS!——

PETER.

And then ſit down again, I do ſuppoſe;
And then around the room a whiſper goes,
" Lord, that's Sir JOSEPH BANKS!—how grand his look!
" Who ſail'd all round the world with CAPTAIN COOK!"

SIR JOSEPH.

Zounds! what the devil's fame if this be not?

PETER.

Sir Joſeph, prithee don't be ſuch a ſot——

Thoſe

Thoſe wonderful admirers, man, were dozens
Of freſh imported, ſtaring country Couſins;
To London come, the waxwork to devour,
And ſee their brother beaſts within the Tow'r:
True fame is praiſe by men of *wiſdom* giv'n,
Whoſe ſouls diſplay ſome workmanſhip of Heav'n;
Not by the wooden million——Nature's chips,
Whoſe twilight ſouls are ever in eclipſe;
Puppies! who, though on idiotiſm's dark brink,
Becauſe they've *heads*, dare fancy they can *think*.

SIR JOSEPH.

What though unletter'd*, I can lead the herd,
And laugh at half the members to their beard.
Frequent to Court I go, and midſt the ring,
I catch moſt gracious whiſpers from the KING——

---

* In ſpite of our objection to Sir Joſeph as a Preſident, we muſt allow his candour in acknowledging himſelf *unlettered*, as he really was refuſed his degree at CAMBRIDGE, though every intereſt was implored to make him paſs muſter.

PETER.

PETER.

And well (I think) I hear each precious ſpeech,
In ſentiment ſublime, and language rich;
" What's new, Sir JOSEPH? what, what's new found out?
" What's the ſociety, what, what about?
" Any more monſters, lizard, monkey, rat,
" Egg, weed, mouſe, butterfly, pig, what, what, what?
" Toad, ſpider, graſshopper, Sir JOSEPH BANKS?
" Any more thanks, more thanks, more thanks, more thanks?
" You ſtill eat raw fleſh, beetle, viper, bat,
" Toad, tadpole, frog, Sir Joſeph, what, what, what?"

Such is the language of the firſt of Kings,
That many a ſighing heart with envy ſtings!
And much I'm pleas'd to fancy that I hear
Such wiſe and gracious whiſpers greet your ear:
Yet if the greater part of members growl,
Though owls themſelves, and curſe *you* for an owl;
And bent the great Sir JOSEPH BANKS to humble,
Behold the GIANT PRESIDENT muſt tumble.

SIR

SIR JOSEPH.

Zounds! Sir, the GREAT-ONES to my whiſtle come;
I have 'em ev'ry one beneath my thumb.
ELECTORS, MARGRAVES, PRINCES, grace my liſt,
And ſhall a few poor ragged rogues reſiſt,
Becauſe (a flock of aſtronomic gulls,)
The cobweb mathematics cloud their ſculls?
The GREAT, when beckon'd to, my cauſe ſhall aid,
And happy think themſelves with *thanks* o'erpaid:
Theſe ſhall ariſe, and with a ſingle frown,
Beat the bold front of oppoſition down.

PETER.

Thus by a word, the SHOWMAN at the Tow'r
Exerts on brother ſavages his pow'r;
Bids NERO, CÆSAR, POMPEY, ſpread their paws,
And ſhow the dangers of their gaping jaws!

SIR JOSEPH.

By heav'ns! I've merit, ſay what e'er you pleaſe!
Can name the vegetable tribes with eaſe——
What monkey walks the woods or climbs a tree
Whoſe genealogy's unknown to *me?*

PETER.

I grant you, Sir, in monkey knowledge great;
Yet ſay, ſhould monkeys give you NEWTON's ſeat?
Such merit ſcarcely is enough to dub
A man a member of a country club.

With novel ſpecks on eggs to feaſt the eye,
Or gaudy colours of a butterfly,
Or new-found fibre of ſome graſſy blade,
Well ſuits the idle hours of ſome old maid,
(Whoſe ſighs each lover's vaniſh'd ſighs deplore)
To murder time when Cupids kill no more;

Not

Not men, who, lab'ring with a Titan mind,
Should ſcale the ſkies to benefit mankind.
I grant you full of anecdote, my friend——
Bons mots, and wond'rous ſtories without end;
Yet if a tale can claim, or jeſt ſo rare,
Ten thouſand goſſips might demand the chair.

To ſhoot at boobies*, noddies, with ſuch luck,
And pepper a poor Indian like a duck;
To hunt for days a lizard or a gnat,
And run a dozen miles to catch a bat;
To plunge in marſhes, and to ſcale the rocks,
Sublime, for ſcurvygraſs and lady-ſmocks†,

---

* "Great and manifold were Sir Joſeph's triumphs over theſe defenceleſs animals," ſays Dr. Hawkſworth's moſt miſerable account; which might more properly be chriſtened "The hiſtory of Sir Joſeph "Banks," ſo much, indeed, is Sir Joſeph the *hero* of the tale.

† See Hawkſworth's account of Captain Cook's Voyage.

Are

Are matters of proud triumph, to be ſure,
And ſuch as FAME's fair volume ſhould ſecure:
Yet to my mind, it is not ſuch a feat,
As gives a man a claim to NEWTON's ſeat.

SIR JOSEPH.

Yet are there men of genius who ſupport me!
Proud of my friendſhip, ſee Sir WILLIAM court me!

PETER.

Great in the eating knowledge all allow;
Who ſent you once the *Sumen* of a ſow*;
Far richer food than pigs that loſe their breath,
Whipp'd, like poor ſoldiers on parades, to death.

---

* Sir W. HAMILTON, who ſent Sir Joſeph from Italy this precious preſent—The mode of making it properly is, by tying the teats of a ſow, ſoon after ſhe hath littered, continuing the ligature till the poor creature is nearly exhauſted with torture, and then cutting her throat. The effects of the milk diffuſed through this belly part are ſo delicious, as to be thought to make ample atonement for the barbarity.

Sir

Sir WILLIAM, hand and glove with NAPLES KING!
Who made with rare antiques the nation ring;
Who when VESUVIUS foam'd with melted matter,
March'd up and clapp'd his noſe into the *crater*,
Juſt with the ſame *Jang froid* that JOAN the cook
Caſts on her dumplings in the crock a look.

But more the world reports (I hope untrue)
That half SIR WILLIAM's Mugs and Gods are *new*;
Himſelf the Baker of th' Etrurian ware,
That made our Britiſh Antiquarians ſtare;
Nay, that he means ere long to croſs the main,
And at his Naples oven ſweat again;
And by his late ſucceſſes render'd bolder,
To bake *new* mugs, and gods ſome ages *older*!

SIR JOSEPH.

God bleſs us! what to Herſchel dare you ſay,
The aſtronomic genius of the day,

Who ſoon will find more wonders in the ſkies,
And with more *Georgium Siduſes* ſurpriſe?

PETER.

More Ætnas in the Moon——*more* cinder loads!
Perhaps mail coaches on her turnpike roads,
By ſome great LUNAR PALMER taught to fly,
To gain the gracious glances of the eye
Of ſome penurious Prince of high degree,
And charm the monarch with a *poſtage free*;
Such as to CHELT'NAM * waters urg'd their way,
Where CLOACINA holds her *eaſy* ſway;
Where paper mills ſhall load with wealth the town,
And ev'ry ſhop ſhall deal in *whitiſh-brown*;
Where for the coach the KING was wont to watch,
Loaded with fiſh, fowl, bacon, and diſpatch *;

Eggs

---

* Mr. PALMER very *generouſly* offered His SOVEREIGN a mail coach to carry letters and diſpatches to and from Cheltenham—the offer was *too great* to be refuſed—a ſplendid carriage was built for the occaſion: His moſt

Eggs and ſmall beer, potatoes, too, a ſtore,
That coſt in CHEL'TNAM market twopence more;
Converting thus a coach of matchleſs art,
With two rare geldings, to a *Sutler's cart*.——
But, voluble Sir Joſeph—not ſo faſt——
The fame of HERSCHEL is a dying-blaſt:
When on the moon he firſt began to peep,
The wond'ring world pronounc'd the Gazer deep:
But wiſer now th' *un*-wond'ring world, alas!
Gives all poor HERSCHEL's glory to his *glaſs*;
Convinc'd his boaſted aſtronomic ſtrength,
Lies in his *tube*'s *, not *head*'s prodigious length.

---

moſt œconomic Majeſty, however, wiſely knowing that ſomething more than a few letters might be contained in Mr. Palmer's vehicle, converted it, as the Poet hath obſerved, into a cart, and ſaved many a ſixpence.

* We would not detract from Mr. HERSCHEL's *real* merit.—By a true German cart-horſe labour, he made a little improvement on Dr. MUDGE's method of conſtructing mirrors; ſuch are this gentleman's pretenſions to a niche in the temple of FAME.—As for his mathematical abilities, they can ſcarcely be called the *ſhadows* of Science.

SIR

SIR JOSEPH.

What, niggard, not on HERSCHEL fame beſtow,
So curious a diſcov'rer? ——

PETER.

No! man, no!
Give it to MUDGE*, whoſe head contains more *vast*
Than (truſt me) ever lodg'd in HERSCHEL's Houſe.

SIR JOSEPH.

Lo, at my call the noble MARLB'ROUGH's vote,
Whoſe obſervations much our fame promote.

PETER.

Who from his Blenheim chimnies wonders ſpies—
The *daily advertiſer* of the ſkies:

---

* Dr. MUDGE of Plymouth.

Who

Who equals his great Anceſtor in head;
A Hero * who could neither write nor read:
Thus equal form'd, to all the world's ſurpriſe;
As one *ſwept* earth, the other *ſweeps* the ſkies.

SIR JOSEPH.

HUNTER † with fiſh intrigues our Houſe regales——

PETER.

The tender hiſtory of cooing whales ‡!——

---

* The famous Duke of Marlborough was reported to have been a very illiterate man; which ſhows that a headpiece for the arts and ſciences, and a headpiece for facing cannon balls, are wiſely formed of different materials.

† John Hunter actually received the Society's gold medal for three papers, viz. on ſowgelding; on the wolf, jackall, and dog; *proving inconteſtably*, what the world knew before, that the aforeſaid animals were *bonâ fide* of the ſame ſpecies: and on the loves of whales.

‡ See Article 30, 1780, in the Philoſophical Tranſactions, where Mr. John Hunter gives a wonderful account of a partridge with three legs, that by age changed from a *female* to a *male*.

SIR JOSEPH.

Great in the noble art of gelding ſows!——

PETER.

And giving to the boar a barren ſpouſe!
Who proves, what many unbelievers ſhocks,
That age converts hen partridges to cocks!
And why not, ſince it is denied by no man
That age hath made JOHN HUNTER an OLD WOMAN?

Believe me, full as well might papiſts bring
Quills from a SERAPH's tail, or CHERUB's wing;
Saint DUNSTAN's crab ſtick, which the SAINT, uncivil,
Broke on the back of our great foe, the DEVIL;
SAINT ANDREW's toe, SAINT AGATHA's old ſmock,
And ſtones that rattled round SAINT STEPHEN's block;
SAINT JOSEPH's ſighs ſo deep, preſerv'd in bottles,
Amounting, legends ſay, to many pottles;

Caught

Caught as the SAINT, with all his might and main,
Was cleaving billets for his fire in twain;
Or bones* from Catacombs to form new ſaints,
To cure, like all quack medecines, all complaints!
Such might the journals of the houſe record,
As well as HUNTER's wondrous *cock-hen bird.*

SIR JOSEPH.

Like BLAGDEN who can write and deeply think?

PETER.

Who write like *him* on iron moulds and ink†?—
See ſhirts and ſhifts by iron moulds that rot,
By BLAGDEN's wiſdom loſe each yellow ſpot!

---

* In 1672, four hundred ſaints were recruited. Such was the extraordinary harveſt of baptized and canonized bones from the Catacombs at Rome. *Vid.* Religious Rites and Ceremonies.

† *Vid.* Article 39, 1787, of the Philoſ. Tranſ.

For

For this ſhall laundry virgins lift their voice;
Napkins and damaſk tablecloths rejoice;
Robins and caps, and ſheets, and pillow caſes,
Loſe their ſad ſtains, and ſmile with lily faces.
Lo! to improve of man the ſoaring mind,
For ſacred ſcience, to his ſkin unkind,
Did Doctor Blagden in an oven * bake,
Brown as burnt coffee or a barley cake,
Whilſt down his noſe projecting, ſweat in rills
Unſav'ry flow'd like hartſhorn ſtreams from ſtills.

SIR JOSEPH.

Great Duckweed THOMPSON †, all my ſoul reveres!
And MULGRAVE charms me with his arctic bears.
My eyes with ſhells, lo! limpet DAVIES greets!
And Doctor LETTSOME with his rare horſe beets!

---

* The Doctor's body in the hot oven, with his noſe projecting from the hole for air, would be no bad ſubject for the graver.

† Sir Benjamin, a ſecond Linnæus.

Beets,

Beets, that with ſhame our parſnips ſhall o'erwhelm,
And fairly drive potatoes from the realm!
Beets! in whoſe juſt applauſes we are hoarſe all;
Such are the wondrous pow'rs of *Mangel Worſal**.

PETER.

Beets that ſhall keep gaunt FAMINE to his Eaſt,
And make him on Gentoos, as uſual, feaſt;
Whilſt ev'ry lucky BRITON that one meets,
Shall ſtrut a FALSTAFF, ſuch the pow'r of Beets!
Beets, that muſt bring the Quaker wealth and fame,
And give his cheek the virgin glow of ſhame;
Who ne'er, meek man, was known a face to puſh,
Nor hear his own applauſe without a bluſh!
Beets, that ſhall form an *epoch* in our times,
And thus by PETER prais'd, embalm his rhymes!

---

* The more pompous name of the Beet.

SIR JOSEPH.

Then, what of AUBERT* think you, that great man,
Whoſe broad eye deems creation ſcarce a ſpan?

PETER.

Who weekly with his watch is ſeen to run,
The little pupil of a Greenwich ſun,
To learn the motions of old Time, and mock
The *fatal* errors of each London clock.
Thus LUBIN from his ſolitary Down,
Leads *little* LUBIN to a neighb'ring town:
The lad with ecſtaſy ſurveys the ſcene,
Then home returning, with triumphant mien,

---

* A Silk Merchant, and F. R. S. who every Sunday, wet or dry, cloudy or ſunſhine, calm or windy, viſits Greenwich, to catch the ſun on the meridian;—ſuch is this gentleman's rage for the art, that he now has at LOAMPIT-HILL, near Greenwich, two thouſand pounds worth of aſtronomical inſtruments.

Corrects his mother's, ſiſter's converſations,
And wonders at his ignorant relations.
AUBERT who meriteth indeed applauſe!
Full of high-ſounding phraſes, and wiſe *ſaws*;
Who from his cradle learn'd the ſtars to liſp,
And to a meteor* turn'd a will-o-wiſp!

SIR JOSEPH.

Pray, then, what think ye of our famous DAINES?

PETER.

Think of a man deny'd by Nature brains!
Whoſe traſh ſo oft the royal leaves diſgraces:
Who knows not jordans brown, from Roman vaſes!

---

* One fortunate evening, as he was returning from his beloved obſervatory, a Jack-a-lantern ſprung up and played ſome tricks before the philoſophical ſilkman, whoſe optics being apt to magnify objects, converted it into an amazing meteor, with which the royal journals ſoon after *blazed*.

About old pots his head for ever puzling,
And boring earth, like pigs for troufles * muzling;
Who likewiſe from old urns to crotchets leaps,
Delights in muſic, and at concerts ſleeps †.

SIR JOSEPH.

Zounds! 'tis in vain, I ſee, to utter praiſe!—

PETER.

Then mention ſome one who deſerves my lays.

SIR JOSEPH.

Know then, I've ſent to diſtant parts to find
Beings the moſt uncommon of their kind:

---

* There are pigs kept expreſsly for hunting Troufles in ſome parts of England.

† Such are the powers of ſomnolency over Mr. DAINES BARRINGTON, —at ſeveral of the Hanover-Square concerts hath the LYRIC PETER ſeen the ANTIQUARIAN in *ſeeming* muſical ſpeculation, but verily employed in a moſt comfortable nap.

The

The greateſt monſters of the land and water——

PETER.

The beautiful deformities of nature!
Birds without heads, and tails, and wings, and legs,
Tremendous Cyclop pigs, and ſpeckleſs eggs,
Snails from Japan, and waſps, and Indian jays,
Command attention, and excite our praiſe:
Chopſticks and backſcrapers are curious things;
Scalps, and tabaccopipes, and Indian ſtrings,
Such, as to charm the wond'ring Cits we ſee,
Where DON SALTERO* gives his Sunday's tea;
Great DON SALTERO, name of high renown,
Who treats, too, with immortal rolls the town!

Rare are the buttons of a Roman's breeches,
In antiquarian eyes ſurpaſſing riches:

---

* At Chelſea.

Rare is each crack'd, black, rotten, earthen diſh,
That held of ancient Rome the fleſh and fiſh:
Rare are the taliſmans that drove the Devil,
And rare the bottles that contain'd old ſnivel.
Owls' heads, and ſnoring frogs, preſerv'd in ſpirits,
Moſt certainly are not without their merits;
Yet theſe to gain, and give to public view,
Lo! PARKINSON knows full as well as you;
As did Sir ASHTON fam'd, whoſe mental pow'r
Juſt reach'd to tell us by the clock the hour.

SIR JOSEPH.

Poh! p-x, don't laugh—ſuch things are rich and ſcarce——
Be ſomething ſacred—let not all be farce.

PETER.

Sir Joſeph, I *muſt* laugh when things like theſe
Beyond ſublimities have pow'r to pleaſe:
To croud with ſuch-like *littleneſs* your walls,
Is putting Maſter PUNCH into St. PAUL's.

Yet,

Yet, to the point——the place on which you dote
Hath been for ever carried by the vote——
Know then, your *paraſites* begin to bellow,
And call you openly a ſhallow fellow:
In vain to fav'ring Majeſty you fly,
'Tis on the *many* that you muſt rely:
E'en *blockheads* bluſh, ſo much are they aſham'd——

SIR JOSEPH.

They and their modeſt bluſhes may be d——n'd.
Ungrateful ſcoundrels! eat my rolls and butter,
And daring thus their inſolences mutter!
Swallow my turtle and my beef by pounds,
And tear my ven'ſon like a pack of hounds;
Yet have the impudence, the brazen face,
To ſay I am not fitted for the place!
In God's name let my wine in torrents flow!
E'en be my houſe a *tavern* in SOHO!
Of daily ven'ſon let me try the force,
And keep an open houſe for man and horſe.

Oh!

Rare is each crack'd, black, rotten, earthen diſh,
That held of ancient Rome the fleſh and fiſh:
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E'en be my houſe a *tavern* in SOHO!
Of daily ven'ſon let me try the force,
And keep an open houſe for man and horſe.

Oh!

Oh! let me hold by any means the chair!——
To keep *that* honour *every* thing I dare!

PETER.

I own that nothing like good cheer ſucceeds——
A man's a *God* whoſe hogſhead freely bleeds;
Champaigne can conſecrate the damned'ſt evil:
A hungry Paraſite adores a *Devil*;
In radiant virtues his poor hoſt arrays,
And ſmooths him with the goſſimer of praiſe;
Stuff'd to the throat till repetition tires,
And GLUTTONY's huge greaſy wiſh expires;
Apoſtate then, the knave denies his church,
And leaves his Saint, with laughter, in the lurch.

In ſhort, your Gormandizers and your Drinkers
Quit their old faith, and turn out rank Freethinkers.
Dead is the novelty of fine fat haunches,
And truth no longer ſacrific'd to paunches:

Aſham'd

Aſham'd, at length, the ſad, repentant SINNERS
All bluſh to barter flatt'ry for good dinners:
No charms ſurround the knocker of your door,
That beam'd with honour, but now beams no more!

SIR JOSEPH.

Betray'd by thoſe on whom my all depends!——

PETER.

Betray'd, like CÆSAR, by his boſom friends!

SIR JOSEPH.

Though man, ungrateful man, his aid deny;
The POW'R whoſe wiſdom rules yon lofty ſky,
May grant his gracious and protecting pow'r,
And aid my efforts in the trying hour!

PETER.

Left by your earthly friends, I fear your pray'rs,
Moſt *pious* PRESIDENT, won't mend affairs:

The Pow'R you mention, with all-ſeeing eyes,
Well knows your little rev'rence for his ſkies *.
Thus may your pray'rs be vain, however hearty;—
Beſides, HEAV'N oftneſt joins the ſtrongeſt party.

SIR JOSEPH.

'Sblood! have I practis'd ev'ry art in vain?
Undaunted fac'd the dangers of the main?——

PETER.

And fac'd QUEEN OBOREA in the boat,
And loſt your ſhoes and ſtockings, and your coat;
A circumſtance that much the tale enriches,
But providentially preſerv'd your breeches!
For unknown weeds, dar'd unknown paths explore,
And frighten'd Cannibals from ſhore to ſhore;
On each new iſland clapp'd King George's ſeal,
A ſharp impreſſion too of *hardeſt ſteel*;
Whilſt Witneſs Piſtol and his Brother Gun
Look'd with a *pointed* approbation on.

---

* The Poet here moſt facetiouſly and beautifully alludes to the ſeceſſion of the aſtronomical geniuſes from the Society.

A decent

A decent method of appropriation,
And adding glory to the Britiſh nation!
True, you have try'd to be as great as HE,
The vent'rous TROJAN, ſport of wind and ſea,
Who left old Troy, his pariſh, far from home,
To find a lodging for imperial Rome; ——
Yet are thoſe feats what vulgars term *a bore*:
Stale ſtuff—the Members look for ſomething more.
I grant you naked with your ſervants pranc'd,
To ſhow how folks at Otaheité danc'd;
And much the ſmiling audience you amus'd,
Though DECENCY, indeed, the dance abus'd:
SHE, bluſhing damſel, turn'd her head aſide,
And wiſh'd a whip to ev'ry hopping hide.
Grant that you ſent, to charm the public eye,
Egyptian ſtones *, that form'd for hogs a ſtye;

---

* Sir Joſeph ſent ſome *curious* Egyptian ſtones to the Britiſh Muſeum; ſuch was his zeal for the honour of Hieroglyphics; but as that building poſſeſſes already as much of the *antique* as it can *well authenticate*, they were returned in a cart upon his hands.

With

With ſeeming hieroglyphics on their faces,
That prov'd unfortunately pigs'-feet traces:
Yet lo! like bullocks in a fair, they roar,
Or vacate bid you, or do ſomething more.

SIR JOSEPH.

'Sdeath, then, I'll ſpit in ev'ry blockhead's face;
Kick them, and purge the dwelling from diſgrace.

PETER.

Thus when a hoſt of graſhoppers and rats,
By men undaunted, unabaſh'd by cats,
In hopping, and in running legions pours,
Affrights the Papiſts, and their graſs devours;
Lo, arm'd with pray'rs to thunder in their ears,
A BISHOP boldy meets the buccaneers;
Sprinkles his holy water on the ſod,
And drives, and damns them in the name of God *!

You

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* This is actually done in Roman Catholic countries by order of the church. In ſome places two attorneys are employed in the affair of the graſhoppers;

You purge the tainted dwelling from diſgrace,
By boldly ſpitting in each Member's face!
Where, *ſweet* Sir Joſeph, will you find the ſpittle,
Since what would float the ALBION * were too little?

With ſolemn, ſentimental ſtep, ſo ſlow,
I ſee you through the ſtreets of London go,
With poring, ſtudious, ſtaring, earth-nail'd eye,
As heedleſs of the mob that buſtles by;
This *was* a ſcheme of wiſdom, let me ſay,
But lo, this trap for fame hath had its day;
And let me tell you, what I've urg'd before,
The reſtleſs Members look for ſomething more.

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graſhoppers; one for the graſhoppers, the other for the people: but it is the fate of the graſhoppers to have the worſt of it, as they are always *anathematized*, and ordered to be excommunicated if they do not quit the place within a certain number of days.

* One of our firſt rates.

SIR JOSEPH.

Zounds! ha'nt I ſwallow'd raw fleſh like a hound?
On vileſt reptiles rung the changes round?
Eat ev'ry filthy inſect you can mention;
Tarts made of graſhoppers, my own invention?
Frogs; tadpoles by the ſpoonfull, long-tail'd imps;
And munch'd cockchaffers juſt like prawns or ſhrimps?

PETER.

In troth, I've ſeen you many a reptile eat,
And heard you call the dirty diſh a treat;
Oft have I ſeen you meals on monkeys make;
Nay, Hercules ſurpaſs—*devour* your SNAKE;
And make as little of a toad or viper,
As pelicans of mack'rel or a piper;
And wriggling round your mouth its little claws,
Have heard a bat cry "Murder!" in your jaws:

Yet,

Yet, hear, Sir Joſeph, what I've ſaid before,
The bluſhing Members look for ſomething more.

SIR JOSEPH.

Hell ſeize the Pack!——unconſcionable dogs!——
Snakes, ſpiders, beetles, chaffers, tadpoles, frogs,
All ſwallow'd to diſplay what *man* can *do*,
And muſt the villains ſtill have ſomething new?——
Tell, then, each pretty PRESIDENT CREATOR,
G—d d-mn him, that I'll eat an ALLIGATOR!

PETER.

Sir Joſeph, pray don't eat an Alligator——
Go ſwallow ſomewhat of a *ſofter* nature;
Feaſt on the arts and ſciences, and learn
Sublimity from trifle to diſcern:
With ſhells, and flies, and daiſies, cover'd o'er,
Let pert QUEEN FIDDLEFADDLE rule no more:

Thus

Thus ſhall PHILOSOPHY her ſuffrage yield,
Sir Joſeph wear his hat *, and hammer wield;
No more ſhall WISDOM on the Journals ſtare,
Nor NEWTON's † image bluſh behind the CHAIR.

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* The Preſident has the ineſtimable and ſole privilege of ſitting covered at the Royal Society's meeting.—The hammer forms a part of the *regalia*, to command ſilence, and rouſe the Members from their happy ſlumbers, whilſt their Secretary, Dr. Blagden, proclaims *rare news* from the moth, bat, butterfly, and ſpider countries.

† The picture of this great man is immediately behind the chair of the PRESIDENT.

BRITISH MUSEUM 27 OCT 53

FINIS.